POOR ROBIN'S CHARACTER OF FRANCE:

OR,

FRANCE Painted to the Life.

IN

A BRIEF DIALOGUE

OF THE

Description of that Nation, their Manners, Customs, Complements, Language, Discourse, &c.

AS ALSO,

An exact *Character* of the City of *Paris*, of their Gentry, Peasants, Women, &c.

By POOR ROBIN, *Knight of the Burnt Island, a Well-wisher to the French Taylors.*

London, Printed in the Year 1666.

To the Judicious READERS.

Gentlemen,

I Here present you with a Dish of Daintites, I assure you you no Kicksha ws, *though dress after the French mode. To describe that people aright, a man must have in him extraordinary of the Mimmick, and therefore I would desire the Reader in the perusal of these Lines, to adde to them something of action; for it is impossible to personate a French-man aright, unless he with it play the Antick: My request therefore is to all those who shall read this Book in Taverns, Ale-houses, or Coffee-houses, to have a special care therein, that I may not be murthered in my own Lines, but to adde to it a graceful shaking of the head, drawing back the legs, and thrusting out the shoulders, and then it will be* ala mode France. *If all the humors I have writ of them do not suit patt to the Nation the same time you read this, you must impute it to the fickleness of those people, whose inconstancy is such, that let me now write never so real a truth of their Garb or Clothes, though the Author and Printer make all the haste imaginable, they will be in another fashion before the* Book *can be published, that a Taylor may as well take measure of a Garment for the Moon, as an Author to describe the Habits and Fashions of that People. So now Reader, having told you at the door how you are to behave your self, if you please walk in and see the Show.*

POOR ROBIN'S CHARACTER OF FRANCE.

Engliſh-man.

GOod morrow, *Monſieur.*

French-man.

Tres humble Serviteur, Monſieur.

Engliſh-man.

What makes you ſtirring ſo early this morning?

French-man.

No ting, but me owe de leetle mony to de Hoaſteſs, and de pocky-hora vill no ſtay, but ſend vor de Shargeant, dat ſcare me worſs den de Tiſſell; begar me ſooner ſee de Tiſſel den de Shargeant, me be de ſuſh Bird vat vill no ſing in de Cage: fiſh vay ſall me take to be ſafe? me muſt come no near de Hoaſteſs, me goe in de France, *den futra vor de Shargeant.*

Engliſh man.

And what Calling do you intend when you come into *France*?

French-man.

Ah, me have de brava Calling in de Varle, me play ode Fidle, *me teaſh a to Dance, O ſo rare, ſo rare! begar* London *vill de undone when me be in de* France: *Begar you no ave de autre man in all de Shitty ſo brave fellow as me ſelfe; yet begar me no ſhuſe but run, de pocky Shargeant doe ſcare a me ſo.*

Engliſh-man.

Indeed a Fidler in *France* is a man of a very high repute, for I remember about five years ago being in your Countrey at a town

not far distant from *Orleans*, whilest I and the rest of my company (amongst which was a *Fille de Joy* of *Paris*) were at Dinner, there entred into our Room three of these uncouth fellows, with Hats on their heads like cover'd Dishes, and in such a garb as our Countrey-men use to clothe Poles wherewith to affrighten Crows from eating their Corn, being for the most part pinn'd together, and the rest fattened with here and there a stitch, so that they were *a la mode de Tatterdemallion*. At the first sight of them I cast one eye on my Cloak, and the other on my Sword, as not knowing what occasion I might have of the one, to defend the other; for by their insolent intrusion and saucy boldness, I could not imagine them to be other than Thieves: but when I took a more strict survey of their Apparrel, I soon alter'd that opinion, and rather guess'd them to be the Excrement of a Prison, though it soon appeared that I was alike deceived in my thoughts, they being neither better nor worse than errant Fidlers. These fellows, though such as we in *England* should not hold worthy of the Whipping-post, without leave, and without reverence on their parts performed, fell to their work, abusing our ears with such an harsh Lesson, that one of our School-boys playing on the *Jews-Trump* compared to this, might have been taken for the Musick of the Spheres: but as if this had not been punishment enough unto us, they must needs adde to it one of their Songs, but then how did I bless my self in the remembrance of our Ballad-singers when they Chant the Tunes of *In Summer time*, and *Chevy-Chase*! Now though I understood not French perfectly yet by that little I had, and the simpering of the *Fille de Joy*, I perceived it was Bawdy, yea, such as could not patiently be endured by any but a French-man.

French-man.

Begar you be de Rouge to speak sush ting of de French-man, no people in de varle dat do sing like unto dem; begar me should by de prate tink dat dis drunk, but dat me no see stagger.

English man.

But *Monsieur*, give me leave to proceed in my Story: what to do to be rid of these fellows I knew not, for I knew not how to call them Rogues handsomly in French, and for other Language they

they understood none, and to beat them, they were Villains of such an inferior quality, as indeed was not worthy of mine or any honest mans anger; a knot of Rascals so infinitely below the severity of a Statute, that they would have discredited the Stocks; and to have hang'd them, as it would have hazarded the reputation of the Gallowes, so it would have been unprofitable to the Executioner, their Clothes being onely fit for the Rag-woman; it would have puzzled a man in a whole years time to have studied a Vengeance for them which they would not have injured, in the suffering the greatest torment one could inflict on them, being not to hearken to their Ribaldry. But to proceed, after their Song was ended, one of them pulled a Dish out of his pocket, and set it before us, into which we were to cast our Benevolence, which by custom (you know *Monsieur*) is but but onely a Sol from every man; such a rare Calling it is to be a Fidler in *France!*

French-man.

Begar me be no sush Fidler, me be de Musbishaner, dat play to de Lords, to de Ladies; me goe brave in de Parrell, me kish de Shambermaid, me lye wid de Kitchen-Wensh, but if me get her wid Shilde, O Diabolo, vat sall become of me den?

English-man.

It is but shifting into another Countrey, you know Fidlers and Beggars are never out of their Sphere. I suppose it is impossible for you to be lowsie you shift so often.

French-man.

Begar me go to Parry *de brave Shitty in de varle, dis Shitty is no compare wid* Parry, *no more den de Bushers knise is wid a long Tord.*

English-man.

Indeed *Monsieur* your Comparison is very suitable, if by your last word you mean *Paris*, as I suppose you do; the onely stink of which place being a greater strength unto it, and more powerful to keep out an Enemy, than the Ditches or Bullwarks round about it; well therefore may it be said to be the strongest Town in Christendom, if we take the word (strong) in that sense, as when we say, such a man hath a *strong breath*; for otherways it is so weak, that if the stink of the streets keep him not out, there is no assurance to be looked for of the Walls: But that which is

most

most admirable, is, that in such a perpetuated constancy of stinks, there is also such an admirable and distinct variety, that a Chymical Nose after two or three perambulations, would hunt out 20 in de-fold, each several street by the smells, as perfectly as another by his eye in a serene Skie at noon day.

French man.

Par ma foy de tell loud lye, begar Parry *is so brava dat no expresse it, begar be Son of Debastalder to say* Parry *tinks, when it is sweet as de Rose, and de brava Houses in de varle.*

English-man.

I confess your Houses in *Paris* are very handsom to the street-ward, but for the Furniture within, they come very much behind ours; the French men most commonly carrying all their wealth on their back, so that when they are in their best Clothes, they may be said to be in the middle of their Estates, when the poorest Tradesman in *London* hath his Place to drink in, and is served up with his Pewter-dishes of several sorts, your Artisans of *Paris* coming so far behinde them, that they would be glad of meat (could they but reach to the price of it) although it were in a Wooden Dish.

French-man.

Begar de Artisan of Parry *be de brava fellow, de Englis Taylor be noting, de make Breesh vit vor de Plough-man, 'tis not* ala mode France: *De France Taylor trick de Clown up so rava, make him zhow like de Gentil-man. De Englis* Barber *Trim make man like de Goate.*

English-man.

The French Barber trims so as makes a man look like a Monkey, come *Monsieur* I must help you out with it: You French men are indeed excellent fellows for Toys, very perfect at Tooth-picks, Beard-brushes, and Gentlewomens Fans; but in other more substantial Trades how infinitely short do you come of the English? Your Cutlers make such abominable and fearful Knives, as would grieve a mans heart to see them, enough almost to make one loathe the Victuals that should be cut by such mis-shapen Instruments. And your Glovers are worse than your Cutlers, for you would imagine by their Gloves, that the hand for which they were made, were cut off by the wrist. And what excellent work-

men

men your Painters are, may be seen by the Signes hanging over each door in *Paris* for a distinguishment, as with us at *London*: but so hideously are these made, and so little resembling the thing signified, that if a Hen did not scrape better Pourtraitures on a Dunghil, I would be bound to eat no other meat but of a French paisant womans dressing during life, which would be a torment next to starving; very convenient therefore is it that they have it printed in Capital Letters under every Sign what it is, for fear the Spectators should take a Cock for a Bull, or a Pigg for a Gos-hawk.

French-man.

Me can no longra endure to heare Parry *de brave Shitty in de varld to be so degraste.*

English-man.

A brave City indeed, and of a strange composition, wherein a man cannot live in the Summer for fear of being poisoned with the stink, nor in the Winter for the like danger of being mired with the dirt.

French-man.

Begar if de speak so falsse of Parry *de brava Shitty, vat will de den doe of de Countrey!*

English-man.

For your Countrey, I must confess indeed the soyl thereof is enough plentiful, stored with Corn, Beasts, and Fowls; but alas, what is that to the poor peasant, who onely beholdeth it with his eyes, seldom or never so much as tasting it with his mouth; a Capon or Rabbit being almost as unlawful for these miserable Creatures to eat, as it was in the Old Law for any but the Priests to eat Shew-bread. I believe one of your Countrey Taylors has but an ordinary Trade with them, they thinking themselves happy if in their apparel they can but mount to Canvass, for woollen Cloth is beyond the reach of their purse, and he that aspires to Fustian, will not stick to justle for the best place in the Parish, even to that of the Church-warden: For Hats they will be sure to have them, though their Bellies pinch for it, and that it may appear they have them, they alwayes keep them on their heads. I suppose they are great Enemies to Hosiers and Shooe-makers, be-

becauſe they ſeldom wear any Shoes or Stockings, but ſuch as Nature furniſhes them withal, unleſs it be on ſome principal Holy-day, when they will be ſure to go to Church.

French-man.

Vat dis de ſpeak of de paiſant, begar de paiſant be de Clown in all Country, but de France Gentilman is de brave Gentilman in de varle.

Engliſh-man.

What is ſpoken of your Nation in general, that they are won with a Feather, and loſt with a ſtraw, may more particularly be applyed to theſe your *de brave Gentil men*, who at firſt fight will be as familiar with you as your ſleep, and follow you as doth your ſhadow; but upon the leaſt diſtaſte, for a word ſpeaking they will draw their ſword: They are brave fellows at a firſt On-ſet, begin an action like thunder, and end it in a ſmoke, at the firſt encounter more than men, in the cloſe thereof leſs than women. They are very Complemental, and full of their Court Cringes, without which none is accounted a Gentil-man. At my firſt coming to *Paris*, one of theſe Monſieurs addreſſed himſelf to me, carrying his head as if he had been ridden with a Martingal, then did he draw back his legs, and thruſt out his ſhoulders in ſuch a ridiculous poſture, that made my Worſhip to laugh heartily to ſee the Ape out-done by the French-man.

French-man.

Begar me can forbeare no longra, de Rouge, de Raſcal, de Jack-napes, compare de France-man ala mode, to de Ape, begar fleeſh, blood, ſpeerit, na de Saule can no ſuffer dis, par ma foy de thruſh Lord in de heart bleed if de ſpeak dis.

Engliſh-man.

Monſieur, not ſo angry, we know the temper of your Countrymen well enough, though you will draw the Sword on the leaſt diſtaſte, a minutes pauſe ſheathes it again, then if a man beats you into better manners you will take it kindly, kiſs your hand, and cry *Serviteur*. I muſt confeſs at firſt when I came to *Paris*, I did much admire the gallantry of your Nation, thinking no place in the world comparable to it for Nobility and Gentry, until at laſt one foul miſtake rectified my judgement, which was this: There came to viſit a Scotch Lord of my acquaintance a French

Gallant,

Gallant, who had on him a Sute of Turky Grogram doubled with Taffata, flasht after the French fashion, and belayed with Bugle-lace, a Shirt of pure Holland appearing through the openings of his Doublet, which was likewise wrought with curious Needle-work; the Points at his Waste and Knees (for so the fashion there then was) all edged with a Silver-edging, his Garters, Roses, and Hat-band sutable to his Points; a Beaver Hat, and a pair of Silk-stockings; his Cloak also of Turky Grogram cut upon black Taffaty. This man by his Habit I guessed to be no less than a Lord, (for who would have imagined *Æsops* Fable to have been a real truth, that the Ass was dresst up in the Lyons skin) and according to the man that I imagined him to be, I gave him the Stile of *My Lord* at every word. After some discourse, he seeing me to clap a Handkerchief to my cheek, and to make a kinde of a sowre face, asked me what I ailed? I told him I was very much troubled with the Tooth-ache. Alas, said he, that is a grievous pain, but call on me at my Lodging the next morning, and I shall presently give you ease: I humbly thanked his Lordship for such an immense favor, with the greatest obeysance I could devise; and the next morning somewhat before the time appointed, sent my servant for a Barber to trim me and make me neat, because I could not tell what occasion I might have of seeing his Lady, or his Daughters. This Messenger chanced to happen on his Lordship, who was no other than a Barber; but when I saw him come in with his Apron before him, and pulling a Case of Instruments out of his pocket, bless me! I thought I should have split my self with laughing, had not the consideration of my own folly, of being so obeysant to him the night before, something restrained me. His Lordship, though he guessed the cause of my extraordinary mirth, yet fell to work about me, to the earning of a *Quardesou*, and indeed he was very dexterous in his Art, and soon made my Chin *à la mode*; then would he have proceeded to to the pulling out of my Tooth, but the pain being now something abated, I told his Lordship I would retain it in my head a little longer: wherefore pocketing up his *Quardesou*, with a low cringing, and less courtesie on my part than before, his Lordship departed.

French-man.

Begar dat vas brave, de France Barber couzen de English-man, begar me no shuse but laugh till de buiss: O de France Barbers be de brave fellows in de varle, but where den did thee goe ven de went from Parry?

English-man.

A Friend and I having a great desire to see the Countrey, we took Post-horse, intending for *Amiens*, but might as good have been mounted on a Post, as on such Jades; as lean they were as *Envy* is by the Poets feigned to be, having neither flesh on their bones, nor skin on their flesh, nor hair on their skin; neither was it so alone, that their bones might be numbred through their skin, but the Spur-galls had made such Casements in their flesh, that an ordinary Farrier might have known what Diseases they were troubled with, by surveying their Entrails. They were very easie to be mounted, and there was no great fear of melting them by over-riding, surely *Don Quixot's Rozinante* was a horse of State to either of these. Being thus mounted, and galloping a foot pace, in twelve hours we had ridden fourteen miles; night coming on, and a pretty big Town just before us, we resolved to lodge there, whert enquiring for one of the chief Inns, we were directed to the skelliton of a House, which in *England* would scarcely have passed for an Ale-house, and yet there it was an Inn, ay, and an honorable one too: Alighting at the door, the Hoast of the house came out unto us, at first sight I took him to be one of the three Fidlers I told you of before, a pitiful ragged, shabby fellow.

French-man.

Dat is no honest to de grase French Inns, de base Guest dat raile on de Hoast; begar de French Inns be more good den de Englis Inns, ver in de French Inns is de brave vine, but in de Englis Inns is no ting but de Beere

English-man.

But *Monsieur*, notwithstanding your Wine, I suppose our ordinary Ale-houses are a story higher praise worthy than your Inns, as may appear by the description of this, and by which you may give a guess at the rest. No sooner were we alighted, but our Hoast (the ragged fellow I told you of before) conducted us to a

room,

room, somewhat resembling a Charnel-house, being full as dark and as dampish; on one side whereof was a pretty big hole, which formerly had been a Glass-window, but the Glass being gone it was for the most part stopped up with Pease straw: In this room was the resemblance of three Beds, for by their description you will say it was improper to call them Beds; the foundation of them was of straw, which not having been shifted in many a year, it was so infinitely thronged together, that the Wooll-packs which our Judge sit on in the Parliament, were melted Butter to them. Upon this lay a large Bag containing a Medley of Flocks and Feathers, but so ill ordered, that they stuck out of the sides like to the knobs of a Crab-tree Cudgel; the Sheets on those Beds were *party per pale*, a mean betwixt white and black, and so course, that a Mariner would have disdained to have used them for a Sayl; the Coverlets were alike answerable to the rest of the Bedding, here a hole, and there a patch, and for Curtains and Valances, my Landlady had disrobed the Beds of them two years before, to make she and the kinde natured Gentleman her Husband, Clothes of them.

French-man.

Begar if de make Cloase of de Curtans and de Vaylance, den de look like de Jack Pudding.

English man.

Having taken a view of the Furniture of this Room, seeing every thing so nasty, I supposed it was impossible to finde any Victuals there; and that if our horses were the Pictures of *Envy*, this place was the Receptacle of *Famine*: But see how I was mistaken in my thoughts! for my Hoastess (whose head was wrapped about with a dirty Dish-clout) had for our Suppers cut the throat of a Pullet, and tearing it in pieces with her hands, she after that took away Feathers and Skin together, stripping it as we strip Rabbets in *England*, then clapping it into a Pan, it was soon fryed and set upon the Table; the Napery belonging to which was suitable to the Bedding, as foul and as dirty, my Landlady being so provident a Creature, she would not have it worn out with often washing. The Napkins were fit companions for the Clothes,

which would rather foul ones fingers with whiping on them, than make them clean.

French-man.

Begar she were de Slut dat no wish Linnen till de tink, par ma foy de Shade vanld bin hanged; begar me could raile on her out of all de cry.

English-man

Nay *Monsieur*, you may as well rail on the rest as on this, for though some few of your Inns be not altogether so wretched, yet is the alteration almost insensible.

French-man.

Begar de Iye dere be brave Inns in France, *in* Paris, *in* Roven, *&c. one, twa, tre stories high, where de Hoast goe like de Gentilman, and de Hoastess like de Madam.*

English man.

I speak not of your Inns in *Paris*, nor some other great Cities, but of those in the Countrey, which are generally such as this, and therefore *Monsieur*, give me leave to go on in my Story. The Meat being on the Board, we fell unto it, hunger making us the better able to digest the Nastiness of the Cookery: After Supper, desirous to go to Bed to refresh our Bodies, weary with riding on those tyred Jades, we called for a *Chamberlain*, but you might as good have spoken Greek to them, none of them understanding what a Chamberlain was: at last came a fellow with some patches hanging on him, but for the most part open to the skin, who having pulled off our Boats, presently had recourse to the Coverlet to wipe them, and having rubb'd one side a little, left the other part to be finished by us if we would have it; it was enough for him that he had written the Copy. Thus forced to make a Law of Necessity, we lay till morning, not making extraordinary haste out, lest perchance we might have lost the sight of my Hostess and her daughters; they were not very hard to be known, for at the first blush a stranger might swear that they were of a blood, and indeed it had bin great pity had it bin otherwise. Not to honor them with a further Character, let it suffice to know, that their persons kept so excellent a decorum with the house and furniture, that it was great pity they should be parted.

French-

French-man

Begar me no vill stay if de speak so; Oh Mordieu, me sall shist me selfe to heare de prate, and den vill they say dere is de shitten French-man.

English-man.

Well then, *Monsieur*, to take my leave of this Inn; being about to depart, we had such a throng about us of those ill-favoured faces, and every one chiming out this Ditty, *Pour les Servant*, that one might with greater ease have distributed a Dole at a rich mans Funeral, than to give them a penny, their importunity, be you never so hasty, will forestal your Bounty; yet their ambition is not so high: after all this impudent begging, they expect but a Soll, and he that gives them more out-bids their expectation, and shall be counted a Spend-thrift.

French-man.

Begar me vill stay no longra, de be sush time taking leave of de Inn, dat de wight in dat time here vil sive, sex, seven mile.

English-man.

Well then, to proceed: Being mounted, and riding very softly according to the Genius of our horses, at the end of the Town we came to a great Green, and it being then a petty Holy-day, there was assembled on the Green a Miscelany or Gallimaufry of all ages and conditions on purpose to dance.

French-man.

Begar me must speak now: O de dance, de skip, de fidele, par ma foy de bravating in all de varle.

English-man.

It seems your Nation does naturally affect it, not onely the poor Peasants, but also the Gallant Monsieurs and Damoiels; for here were assembled both Youth and Gentry, Age and Poverty, the Rags interwoven with the Silks, and wrinkled Brows interchangeably mingled with fresh Beauties. Those whom age had forced to walk with a staff in the street, here taught their feet to measure out the paces of a Dance; and others that had been long troubled with the Sciatica, though they could not trip it so nimbly, yet would enforce their feet to hobble. Some of them were so ragged, you would have thought that a swift Gallard would

would almost have shaked them into nakedness, and yet would they venture the loosing of their Clothes for the gaining of a Dance. Nay, those whom either Age or other Infirmity had not permitted to go, yet would be carryed thither in their Chairs, to behold the Pastimes, and tread the measures with their Eyes; to perswade them to stay at home when they heard the Fidle, was to seek to empty the Sea with a spoon, or to perswade a *Lutness* Love-Lady to become a Nun.

——— *A work so great,*
Would make Olympus *bearing* Atlas *sweat.*

French man.

O de brave exercise in de varle, begar no ting is mid it de compare. O de brave shite to heare de Fidele, to see dem dance, to leap, to skip.— O dat me were amongst dem. ———

English man.

That which to you is so pleasing, soon wearied us, wherefore we took our leaves of them and proceeded on in our Journey, and about Noon came to another Town somewhat bigger than a Village, and comparable to the worser sort of Market-Towns in *England*, distant from the place where we lay before, about five miles, (for we rid very hard, and spared not for Horse-flesh) here we resolved to bait both our selves and our horses, and to that purpose singled out an Inn where we expected to finde best accommodations, and indeed we thought we had found a great purchase, for there it was our fortune to meet with a Rabbet, larded it was, as all meat is in that Country, otherwise it is so lean it would be burnt up ere it could be roasted, it was served up with the feet on, and the reason of the custom thereof in that Country is (I conceive) that being a frugal Nation, they would make them go the further. The sight of this Dish gave us great content, but when we came to eat thereof, it proved so tough, that I verily think it was no more than two removes from that Rabbet which was in the Ark, but though it proved so bad in the eating, the price thereof was good enough, no less than Half a Crown English. My Companion thought it to be very dear, but I adjudged otherwise, for certainly the Grass which fed it was worth more than eight times the money.

French-

French-man.

Begar some men do tink meat is no good if dat it be no deare, par may foy vould me had it present, me could eat it, vor me is very angry.

English-man.

Nay *Monsieur*, if you be so angry that you grow quarrelsom, I shall beat you into better manners.

French-man.

Begar me no say quarrelsom, me be angry, dat is, me could veede on de Rappit.

English-man.

O cry you mercy Sir, now I understand ye, I suppose you are better to feed than to fight; but alas, Rabbets are too dainty meat for French Peasants, for in that rank I must place ye, though now you have got on a borrowed Garb of English Feathers, but when you come amongst your fellows, you must then be glad to do as they do, your Bread of the coursest flour, and so black that it cannot admit of the name of brown, and for drink have recourse to the next Fountain, content onely with so much as is sufficient to keep you from the extremities of Cold and Famine.

French-man.

Begar be de Rogue to call me Paisant, me be de Gentilman Mushishaner, me be de Compaigne vor de Lord, vor de Madam, me fidele vor de Gentilman, and at de Weddin.

English-man.

Now you put me in minde of a Wedding, I must tell ye of one that I saw once at *Orleans*, whereat my going into the Town, I met with Mistriss Bride coming from the Church: The day before she had been somewhat of the condition of such as scowre Dripping-pans in Great Mens houses, and went accoutred as those women that in *London* cry *Kitching-stuff* about the streets of the City: but now there was a strange metamorphosis in her, you would not believe she was the same woman, she was so tricked up with Scarffs, Rings, Cross-garters, Knots of Ribbonds, &c. that she was *ala mode France*. Now could the fellow have enjoyed onely her Clothes, I should have very much applauded his fortune, but it could not be so (God be merciful to him) he was al-

so

so chained to the Wench, much good may it do him with her, and much joy may they have together most peerless Couple.

Sing *Hymen, Hymen, O Hymenæe,*
O Hymen, Hymen, Hymenæe.

I would have a French man marry none but a French woman, for a fitter Match cannot be.

French-man.

Vat is dat de say? began France-man be de brave women in de varle.

English-man.

Now *Monsieur*, I shall speak something of what I observed of the women in your Country, and to begin with the Peasants, as being most in number: They are a sort of people which cannot lay the least claim to any share of beauty, so that she which with us is reckoned amongst the vulgar, would be amongst them esteemed for a Princess, quite contrary to the women in *England*, where you have many thatched Cottages that harbour such Beauties, as would tempt *Jupiter* from his Throne to court them in a golden Showre. Answerable to their Beauty is their Attire, their head being wrapped about with an old Dish-clout turned out of service, or the corner of a Table-cloath reserved from washing; the goodness of their faces tells us that that is sufficient, for why should the back-part of their head be handsomer than the fore-part? They have no need of Masks, and the Bacon-rined colour of their faces tells us that they were strangers to Bon graces when they were children. As concerning Petticoats, they have all of them such a kinde of Garment, but most of them so short, you would think them cut off at the Placket; Now when the Parents have worn them till such time as the rottenness of them will save a labor of undressing, they are anew cut out and fitted for the children, by which time they have done with them, they speed to the dunghil, being scorned to be taken up by the Rag-woman. For shoos and stockings they take no great care of, few of them ever had above one pair in all their lives, and what they wear every day, being very durable. In this degree hath Nature placed them, and the greatest happiness that they do enjoy, is that they are contented with the same.

F. each-

French-man.

But vat is dis of de Paisant to de France Gentil woman.

English-man.

Well, next I will speak ſomthing of the middle ſort of women, or ſuch as live in Cities and great Towns, (for I ſhall forbear to mention the Court, as being above my ſphere) of theſe ſort of women there is much difference from the Peaſants; but in what? ſurely nothing but in attire, otherwiſe Nature hath not been over-prodigal to them for beauty, ſo that *Don Quixot* did not ſo deſervedly aſſume to himſelf the title of *The Knight of the ill favoured face*, as they may that of the *Damoſels* of it; The moſt comly and beſt proportioned part about them is their hands, long, white, and ſlender; but ſcarce ſhall you ſee one of a hundred, whoſe wriſts, and betwixt their fingers is not all over-run with a ſcab like to a leproſie. Their diſpoſitions hold good correſpondency with their faces, and ſuit as well as a Toaſt and Nutmeg doth with a pot of Ale in the depth of Winter, all which you will ſwear to be truth, when you once come but to hear them ſpeak; no better Character being to be gathered of them, then from their prating, which is ſo tedious and infinite, that you ſhall ſooner want ears then they Tongues; ſet but their Tongues once a going, and they are like to a Watch, you need not winde them up above once in twelve hours, for ſo long will the Thread of their diſcourſe be in ſpinning, ſuch everlaſting Talkers are they all, that they will ſooner want breath then words, there being no wayes to ſilent them, but only to go out of their Companies. But were this only to ſome of their Familiars, it were the more tolerable, but ſtranger or acquaintance, all is one, though indeed no man is to them a ſtranger, for in two houres time you ſhall have them as familiar, and as merry with you, as if you had been of their acquaintance ſeven yeares, or bred up in a houſe together ever ſince you were born; Now though I cannot condemn any of them of diſhoneſty, as having had no ſuch experience of them, yet to an Engliſhman ſuch ſudden affability argues ſomwhat of a confident boldneſs, to ſay no worſe. I remember, the firſt time I came to *London*, being but a young Novice, ſcarcely writ-

ting *Man*, passing through *Lutener-lane*, a Gentlewoman standing at the door accosted me with these words, *How do you Sir, I am heartily glad to see you well, how have you done a long time?* Seeing so beautiful a Lady, with black patches on her face, and dresst *Alamode de France*, thus to salute me, I could not chuse but admire; *Madam*, said I, *do you know me? alack* (Sir said she) *pray come in and let us discourse together:* but notwithstanding her bold invitation away I went, and coming to my Lod ging, relating the story, Sir, said one to me, you must have a care of such Creatures, for notwithstanding their brave Garbe, they are no other then common Strumpets. This sudden familiarity of the French-women made me to remember this story. for——

French-man.

Begar be de Rogue, de shallenge de field, compare de French Madam to de Lutener-lane *pocky-hora; begar me no shuse but feight up to de nose in ploud; begar me can no endure dis.*

English-man.

You fight, you sh——think you with high words to daunt me? do not I know the Nature of your Country men better then so? how in one thing they very much resemble the De—— meeknes or submission maketh them insolent, but a little resistance putteth them to their heels, or makes him your Spaniel.

French-man.

Begar me tink no hurt, though de speak so. Tres humble Servisure Mounsieur.

English-man.

Then to proceed in my story concerning the French women. They are abundantly full of laughter and toying, and have always in store some lascivious songs, which they refuse not to sing in any company, so that a stranger would think modesty were quite banished the Kingdom, or rather that it had never been there; and whereas women in other Countrys are most ashamed to discourse of those parts which makes them women. These French Dames will talk of them, even before men, as broadly

broadly as a Midwife, or a Barber-Surgeon. So that if that saying be true, that *Modesty is the best apparel of a woman*, I doubt many of the Female sex in *France*, must go thinly clad, and a great many of them quite naked.

French-man.

Begar dere be but some dat be so bad as de peak of.

English-man.

Truly I saw but little difference amongst them, it is an Epidemical disease, both Maids and Wives, Madams and Damosels, Rich and Poor, alike sick of it, if there were any difference, it was onely in this, that those who were highest in their places and callings, were likewise highest in this lightsom vein of ribaldry.

French-man.

De speak of de Cimmon hora, but de Fransh Gentilwoman be no sush.

English-man.

God forbid I should condemne every one of them, though they generally be so, but for them you call *Common whores*, I must rank them in a degree by themselves; It was my fortune once to be in the company of two of these *Fille de joyes*, but never since I first knew mankinde and the world, did I observe so much impudence in the general, as I did in these two; so audaciously bawdie in their discourse, that even any immodest ear would have abhorred their language, and of such a shameless deportment, that their very behaviour would have frighted lust out of the most incontinent man living, but a *French-man*. In a word, they were Wenches able to have shamed all the Friers with whom they had trafficked, for they would not be *cast-a*, and could not be *caut-a*, and so I leave them, for methinks my discourse of them is unsavoury, but he that rakes in filthy puddles, must be sure to meet with nasty stinks.

French-man.

Begar de hora be over all de varle, dere be de creat many in de London, me go in de Turnbull street, me go in de Nettingale lane, me go in de Rosemary lane, me go in de Ka-ra-ratcleese high way, me go to Damaris Page, me sure doe find pocky-hora, me veele it in my bones.

English-man.

Ha *Mounſieur*, have you got a Clap with a *French* Fiddle.

French-man.

– *Begar me no deny it, me pay Shurgeon one, two, tree pound var de cure.*

English-man.

I commend you *Mounſieur*, for your ingenuous acknowledgment; but I having ſpoken ſo much of the *French*-woman, I think it convenient to ſay ſomthing of the men, for pity it is they ſhould be parted.

French-man.

Begar me will liſten to dat, me love to hear of de France Gentil-man.

Engliſh-man.

As I ſaid of the women, you might character them out by their diſcourſe, ſo may I ſay of the men, you may look into their breaſts by their talk, which moſt commonly runneth upon two wheels, *treaſon and ribaldry*. Never in my life did I hear people talk leſs reverently of their Prince, and as our Nation have been always addicted too much to your Apiſh faſhions, ſo in our late times, when Rebellion was rampant, had they got too much of your unworthy cuſtom of ſpeaking irreverently of their King; but I hope that cuſtom is out of uſe with us now. I wiſh it were ſo in *France*; where ſcarce a day paſſeth without ſome ſeditious Pamphlet printed and publiſhed, in diſgrace of the King, or ſome of his Courtiers; the Contents of which Libels they will not ſpare to ſpeak of in each place where they come; take them from this, (which you can hardly do till they have told all) and then they fall upon their ribaldry, relating ſtories of their own uncleanneſs, with a face as confident, as if they had no accidents to pleaſe their Hearers more commendable. Never did valiant Captain more glory in the number of the Cities he had taken, then they will do of the ſeveral women which they have proſtituted.

French-man.

Par ma foy me no diſlike dat, me love to hear talk Bawdy de leetle, me be no ſhamed of dat, begar it does teekle my lings to hear dit.

Engliſh-

English-man.

Nay, I know that you are not only good to talk bawdy, but to act bawdily, and to boast of it too, as many of your Countrey-men have done, who having been at *London*, upon their return, report strange *Chimera's* of the *English* modesty; as what Merchants wives they enjoyed here, and in what familiarity such and such a Lady entertained them at *Westminster*, when the poor fooles have been cozened with common Prostitutes; and to this purpose I shall relate you a pretty story. A *French Mounsieur* coming over full pursed to *London*, being hot in the Codpiece as many of them are, desired a Coo'er, but his ambition soared so high, that common beauties, (such as those of *France*) would not serve his turn; but he must have a rare one, no lesse then a *Phœnix*; and falling in acquaintance with a *French Pandar*, for a sum of money he promised him the enjoyment of a Lady, who was much famoused for her beauty; the *Mounsieur* gladly hearkens thereto, pays his money, and thinks every houre ten, till the prefixed houre come. In the mean space the *Pandar* goes to a common Prostitute, instructs her in the business, they share the money, and she takes upon her to imitate the Lady; a Coach is hired, (for a Cart might have been in danger of shaking her in pieces) the *Pandar* and she goes together, who conducts her to the *Mounsieur*, the *French* Gentilman courts her *alamode*, swears he is her servant, and she with a seeming unwillingness at last condescends to his request, but whilest he is busie in his employment, she picks his pocket of his Watch, and threescore pieces of gold, which as soon as she rises from the Bed, is strait conveyed to the *Pandar*, who all this while guarded the door. Upon the receit of the prize he is gone; but before the pretty Mob could make an escape, *Mounsieur* misses his Watch and his money, he stormes and chafes like a mad-man, mistrusts his Mob, but wonders a Lady of her quality, as he took her to be, would do such a thing. Necessity has no Law, she endeavours an escape, gets into the street, but *Mounsieur* overtakes her there, and layes flat felony to her Ladiship, presently an huburb is made, the Constable comes and carries them both before

fore a Justice, the Frenchman challenges her Ladiſhip with his money, and ſhe challenges him with a Rape; the Mob is ſearcht, but no money found; *Mounſieur* is askt again, if he would ſwear poſitively ſhe pickt his pocket; he conſiders of it, and then ſays, *he was miſtake*; but ſhe being known to be a prime Trader in *Fleet-yard*, was ſent to *Bridewell*, and *Mounſieur* diſmiſt to go to borrow money to go to the Surgeon, of whom now he had great need.

French-man.

Begar me was ſerve ſuſh a trick one, me go into de Lutener-lane, *de brave Gentilwoman at de door call me in; me kiſs her, and me do ſometing elſe, but when me was gone, me vent to de Ordinary to eat Veetle, ven me come to pay, all me mony vas gone.*

Engliſh-man.

And how come you off with the Cook?

French-man

Begar de Cook call me French Rogue, tell me de beat me, me vas pray him to be quiet, and me vild leave de tord for his reckoning.

Engliſh-man.

That was a right French trick, to eat up the Cooks meat, and leave him a tord for his reckoning.

French-man

Me do no mean de tord in de belly, me mean de tord dat hang by de ſide.

Engliſh-man.

Nay *Mounſieur*, it is pitty you ſhould ever ſpeak any thing but French, your Language being very agreeable to your Natures, which to be ſpoken with a grace, the head, body, ſhoulders muſt all concern in the pronouncing of it, and the many Proverbs wherewith it is furniſhed, makes it very ſignificant to your Nations humor of ſcoffing. Indeed it is very full of Courtſhip, which makes all your people ſo Complemental: The pooreſt Cobler in the Village having his Court-cringes, and his *Eau benieſte de Cour*, his Court holy-water, as perfectly as the beſt Lord of them all.

French-man.

And vy ſhould he not, begar Franceman *be de all Gentilman.*

Engliſh man

Engliſh-man.

And that makes you in your ordinary diſcourſe to beſtow the highgheſt of titles upon thoſe of the loweſt condition, and by this reaſon the Beggar begetteth *Mounſieurs* and *Madams* to his ſons and daughters, as familiarly as the King.

French-man.

Begar dis true or me be de hang.

Engliſh-man

But on what Gibbit *Mounſieur* would you deſire to be hanged on, for I obſerved in your Country there were ſeveral ſorts of them, every *Haute Juſtice* having his peculiar Gibbit, which were made wonderful methodically, by the criticiſme of which you may judge of the quality of him that owneth it; for the Gibbit of one of the Nobles hath but two pillars, that of the Chaſtellan three, the Barons four, the Earls ſix, and the Dukes eight, ſo exact is your Nation that they obſerve a Mode even in their Gallowſes.

French man.

But begar me no love hanging, me ſhuſe to die in de ſtraw, den be hang on de vine Gallowes in all de France. *Begar den me mus eat no more quood Mutt, quood Beef, quood Lamb,* &c.

Engliſh man.

Now you ſpeak of Beef, Mutton, and Lamb, give me leave to tell ye ſome obſervations I made of your Cookery, and how your Gentlemens tables furniſhed, which though they come not nigh ours, yet are they beyond compariſon above the Paiſants. Their Beef they cut out into little chops, ſo ſmal, that what goes there for a laudable diſh, would be thought here to be a Univerſity Commons, now ſerved from the hatch. A loyne of Mutton ſerve amongſt them for three roaſtings, beſides the hazard of making pottage with the Rump. They have likewiſe ſtore of Fowl, but ſuch as the King found in *Scotland*, viz. ſoule napkins, ſoule table cloaths, &c. but to ſpeak truth, that which they have is ſufficient for Nature and a friend, were it not for the

ſtrange

ſtrange miſteries of the Kitching-wench. Their Cooks are much famed for rare fellows, but their skill conſiſts not in the handling of Beef, Mutton, and ſuch like ſolid meats, but in the making of puff-paſtes, kickſhaws, and ſuch fine devices, onely to fill the pallat, but not the belly, and ſo by conſequence would make rare fellows in a Garriſon, to cozen the belly, and feed the eye. Now if you can digeſt the fluttiſhneſs of the Cookery of (which is moſt abominable at the firſt ſight) ſit down and welcome, where you muſt ſay your own Grace, private Graces being there as ordinary as private Maſſes, and from whence (perhaps) they learned them. Grace ended, fall to where you like beſt, for they obſerve no order nor method in their eating, and if you expect a to have Carver, you may riſe a hungry; thus are their Tables furniſhed, and think themſelves ſerved in as great ſtate as King *Nebuchadnezzars.*

French-man.

Vat is dat you ſay, No be gott no ſir.

Engliſh man.

I ſaid *Nebuchadnezzar,* the name is ſomething hard.

French-man.

Begar ſo it is; No, no, no, no be gett no ſir. Eng. ne. Fr. ne. Eng. bu. Fr. bu. Eng. chad. Fr. chad Eng. ne. Fr. ne. Eng. zar. Fr. zar. now me have it, Ne-bu-chad-ne-zar, *begar me vil carry dis name into me Country var to cure de Tooth-ake.*

Engliſh man.

And why may not that name cure the tooth-ach, as well as many cures which are aſcribed to be done by Reliques, of which Reliques I ſaw divers of them at *St. Denis*, a ſmall town with a great wall, ſhowing like all the world like a *Spaniards* little face in his great Ruffe, or like a ſmall chop of Mutton in a large diſh of Porrage at the three penny Ordinary, at this Town in the Church of *St. Denis*, is ſaid to be kept one of the naile

which

Town in the Church of St. *Dennis*, is said to be kept one of the Nails which fastened our Saviour to the Cross, as also a piece of the Cross it self, though so many parts thereof are shown at several places, that were they all put together, would have broken the back of *Symon* of *Cyrene* to have carryed it. Here is also some of the Virgin *Maries* milk, the Arm of St. *Simeon* set in a Case of Gold, the Reliques of St. *Lewis*, and the Head of St. *Dennis*, with a part of his Body; of this St. *Dennis* (being the Patron of *France*) I shall tell you a Story, more than ever you read in the History of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, and perhaps as true, which is this: He being to suffer death under the Reign of *Domitian* the Emperor, for not bowing before the Altar of *Mercury*, when the Executioner had smitten off his head, he caught it in his arms, and ran with it down the Hill as fast as his legs would carry him; having run thus half a mile he sat down and rested, and so he did nine times in all, (you must conceive he was very heavy loaden to carry his head in his arms) but having ran three miles, he ran himself quite out of breath, for then he fell down and died, over which place was built this Church consecrated to his Memory wherein the aforesaid Reliques are kept.

French-man.

Begar Sen Dennis *was de brave fellow when he live, he cut, he slase, he slay, he fright like de spright; he vas love Wench vamed* Rossalen, *she make him Cuckold, he weare de horns on his head sefen year; den came* Zhorge *on de Hearse-back, and wid his Tord cut dem off at one blow.*

English-man.

Was not St. *George* of *England* then a brave man to do so worthy an Act?

French-man.

Begar he was de brave Shampion in all de varle, but de France man; he kill de burn Dragon, but de Seignior Amadis de Gaule *he kill de Shyant, one, two, tre, four story high; begar den he was brave fellow; let me see den, dere was Monsieur le* Charlemaigne, *le Roy* Pepin, *Monsieur* Oliver, *Monsieur* Rowland, *begar de France man be de great killer of de Shyants in all de varle.*

English-man.

Indeed no Nation in the world is greater killers of Gyants and multitudes of people than the French; but how? why in Romances, wherein there is little danger in fighting; but for real feats of Arms, alas how far short do they fall in the performance! How often have they been beaten by the English, with the greatest disadvantage almost that might be? witness *Poitiers*, *Cressy*, and *Agen-Court* Battels, wherein their Armies exceeded ours almost ten to one; nay, have we not taken their Kingdom from them? the English King Crowned King of *France* in *France*? where was their Valour then? Why they were forced to have recourse to a Witch, one *Joan* of *Arc*, when *France* lay as it were expiring out her latest breath. How were they forced to pretend a Message to her from God, to breathe new courage into the hearts of their fainting Soldiers? and yet when they had wrought all these Forgeries, it was not so much their Courage as our own Divisions, that caused the English expulsion out of *France*.

French-man.

Begar though me ha skill to Fidele, me ha no skill in de History, me can no tell if de speak true; but me mush tink dat, me mush give looser leave to speak.

English-man.

Nay *Monsieur*, if you are up with your Proverbs, I must also give you one, which though but a homely one, yet sets out the three Nations, French, English, and the Spaniards to the life. The French-man is compared to a Flea, quickly skipping into a Country, and as quickly skipping out; their Valor being like a blaze of fire, makes of a sudden a great show, but is quickly extinguished. The English are like a Lowse, slowly mastering a place, and as slowly driven out again. The Spaniard like to a Crab-fish hardly gaining any thing, but where he enters seldom or never again removed.

French-man.

Begar me looke dis Proverb well enough of de men, vat is de Proverb of de women?

English man.

They say that to the making up of an absolute Woman, the

is required the parts of a Dutch woman from the Girdle downwards, the parts of a French woman from the Girdle up to the Neck, over which must be placed an English Face, for the greater perfection of all the rest; for if you come to compare the French Beauties with the English, alas they are not to be named the same day with them, their Faces being as bad a punishment to the Eyes, as their Discourse is a torment to the Eares: And herein may the English glory, that they have the fairest Women, the goodliest Horses, and the best breed of Dogs in all the whole world; To which we may adde, that as *England* is said to be *A Paradise for women*, by reason of their Privileges, so it may be said to be *A Paradise of women*, by reason of their un-matchable Perfections.

French-man.

Begar de France woman be de hansom woman vor all dat.

English-man.

For your French women, as their shoulders and backs are so broad that they hold no proportion with their middles, so are they of a very black hair, and swarthy complexion; and though the Poets do commend *Leda* for her black hair, as in that Verse of *Ovids*,

Leda fuit nigris conspicienda comis.

yet that blackness reached onely to a kinde of dark brown, not so fearful as this of the French women, who are generally blacker then a gracious lovelinesse can admit: And though black hair do give a lustre to a beautiful Face, as a shadow doth to a Picture, or a *Sable bearing* to a *Field argent*; yet what are the French womens Faces concerned in that, which are so far from that thing called *Beauty*, that when they are adorned with black Patches, they look like rusty Gammons of Bacon stuck with Cloves.

French man.

Me can no excuse but confesse me had rader eat of de Gammon of Bacon, dan kiss de hansom woman in all de vorle.

English-man.

Now you talk of kissing, I cannot but much admire that humor of the French women, who though (as I said before) they are so light and wanton in their discourse and gestures, yet are so coy of

their Lips that they will not admit of a kiss, accounting that woman that is kissed, more than half whored, be her deportment other ways never so civil. Now, though I must confess I like this their custom very well, it sparing me many an unsavory piece of mannerliness when I was amongst them, yet it was to me a kinde of a strange Riddle, that they should confine all immodesty and lasciviousness to a harmless kiss. But as it is said of the Italian, *That he will rather murther a man in private, than speak ill of him openly*, so it may be thought of these Damosels, that they will not refuse a mans bed in private, although they deny to kiss him openly.

French-man.

Begar de tell lye, de France Madam be de Civil Madam dat lives in de whole varle,

English-man.

Yes *Monsieur*, I shall tell you of a piece of Civility of one of your Madams, as I was informed by an Acquaintance of mine who was an Eye-witness to it. That being at a Tilting, a Roguish Boy was peeking under a Ladies Coats, a Courtier seeing it, went about to remove him from that sawcy action: but when her Ladyship perceived his intention, she hindred him with this Complement, *Laisse Monsieur, laisse les yeuxne sont pas larrons*; The boys eyes would steal nothing away. Certainly those who are so wanton in their discourse and actions abroad, will not stick out of play, when Night and the Curtains may conceal it.

French-man.

Pay ma foy vie is no sush ting, de Frensh be a no soe bad, dey make more conscience den so.

English-man.

I will not deny but there may be some of them very conscientious, but generally they are most irreverent and irreligious; great Scoffers, yea in matters of Religion, and at those times when they should be most solid, witness that Gallant who lying on his Death-bed, when he had the *Host* (so they call the Sacrament of the Lords Supper) brought to him by a Lubberly Priest, he said, *That Christ came to him, as he went into* Jerusalem, *riding upon an Ass*. Another of them being to receive the Sacrament, when

when the Priest had with many words perswaded him that the Bread and Wine was the real Body and Blood of Christ, he refused to taste of it, because it was then Fryday. And I was informed by a Gentleman, that at a Mass in the *Cordeliers* Church in *Paris*, he saw two French Papists, when the most sacred Mystery of their Faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an *Ethnick* would have blushed to have heard it. Can we then think these men to be religious, who make a scoff at the Divine Mysteries of our Salvation? Certainly had a *Lutheran* done this, some French hot-head or other, would have sent them laughing to *Plato*.

French-man.

Dat is none good to do so; me had rather goe to dine den to die, to feede den to fright, dere is no such haste to goe to de Teiffel, he will have dem soone enough me warrant ye. Me vill be glad to live so long as de old woman of Parry.

English-man.

I remember dat old woman very well, who was of such an age, that it is questionable whether she were ever young or no: for, but that I have read the Scriptures, otherwise I should have been apt to have believed that she was one of the first Pieces of the Creation, and that by some mischance or other she had scaped the Flood: Our Countrey-man *Tom. Parr* the *Salopian Wonder*, was but an Infant to her; at the least you could not but have imagined her one of the Reliques of the first Age after the building of *Babel*, several Ages before the birth of the *Wandring Jew*; her face was for all the world like unto that of *Sibylla Erythrea* in an old Print, or like that of *Solomons* two Harlets in the Painted Cloth, or like those Statues on the out-side of *Westminster Abbey*, which for these six hundred years have been exposed to winde and weather. It is doubtful whether our Arch Poet *Ed. Spenser*, when he writ his Poem of *The Ruines of Time*, did not purposely intend it of her; sure I am it is very applicable in the Title. Now by reason that all her Teeth were out, her Tongue was boundless, and without ceasing would move for six and twenty hours together, the fastidious practice which *Horace* mentioneth in his *Ninth Satyr*, was but a Paine to her. Now whether she be living still,

or

or no, I know not, but if she once come to be speechless, I suppose she is then past all recovery.

French-man.

Begar she was great pratler indeed, and so me tink we be, derefore me now make haste, vor my belly de chime Noon, and me mush make haste vor sear of de pocky Shargeant.

English-man.

Well *Monsieur*, onely one word before you go, and then farewell. There is an old Proverb, that the Emperor of *Germany* is *Rex Regem*, the King of *Spain* is *Rex Hominem*, the King of *France Rex Asinorum*, and the King of *England Rex Diabalorum*. The Emperor of *Germany* is called *Rex Regem*, in respect of having so many free Princes under him, who have power of themselves to Coyn Money, raise Soldiers, and other Immunities consonant to Regal Authority. The King of *Spain Rex Hominem*, for that his Subjects are so constant and faithful in their Allegiance, not questioning what the Prince does, but obeying because he so commands it. The King of *France* is called *Rex Asinorum*, because of the Subjects patient bearing of those insupportable Taxes which he sucks out of their sweat and blood. Pride in matters of Sumptuousness, and the Civil Wars which lasted a long time in that Countrey, having occasioned most of the Crown Lands to have been sold or mortgaged, so that the Subject is now onely the Revenue of the Crown. The Kings hand lying so heavy upon them, that it hath almost thrust them into an *Egyptian* bondage: To recite all those Impositions which this miserable people are afflicted withal, were almost as wretched as the payment of them, I shall briefly instance in some few, and first *Gabelle de Sel*, or Gabel on Salt, which is an Imposition that no man in the Kingdom (some few Countries excepted) can eat any Salt, but he must buy it of the King, and at his price; but this is not all, for though through poverty many of them could be contented to eat meat (when they can get it) without Salt, yet are they forced to take such a quantity of it, or howsoever they will have of them so much money. This Imposition is exacted with such unconscionable rigour, that it is thought to be worth unto the King 3000000 of Crowns yearly. Next is the *Taillon*, a heavy

heavy burthen which lies almost altogether upon the poor Peasant, who are a people of any other the most unfortunate, paying such infinite Rents to their Lords, and such innumerable Taxes to the King, that all their care and extream labour is onely sufficient to pay their Duties, and keep them from the extremities of cold and famine. This Imposition was at first levyed by way of Extraordinary Subsidy, and lay alike heavy upon all, but now it is confined onely to the Peasant; the greater Towns, the Officers of the Kings House, the Officers of War, the President, Councellors, and Officers of the Courts of Parliament, the Nobility, the Clergy, and the Scholars of the University, being freed from it. Divers Imposts have they besides, as the Sol upon the Liure, which is the twentieth penny of all things bought or sold, onely *Corn* and *Sallets* excepted. Imposts upon Wine double and treble, and after all this, the poor Vintner forced to pay the 8th penny of that Wine which he selleth, to the King. Then is there besides Imposts on all sorts of Fruits, Provisions, Wares, and Merchandize, to which we may adde the base and corrupt money in it, being for the most part made of Tin and Brass. Hardly shall you see a Piece of Gold of the French stamp, scarce any but what comes out of *Spain*, which are very ill proportioned, and which one resembles to a French Cheese, being neither long, nor square, nor round, nor thick, nor thin, nor great, nor little, nor any one of these, but yet all; and yet none of them.

These Circumstances considered, we may the clearer see our own felicities, which to express in a word, is to say onely this, *That the English Subject is in no circumstance a French man*, though we are so blinde as herein not to see our own happiness, but by our often Rebellions have given occasion to that Apellation, that the King of *England* is *Rex Dinbalorum*.

FINIS.